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THE


ADVANCE



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1968



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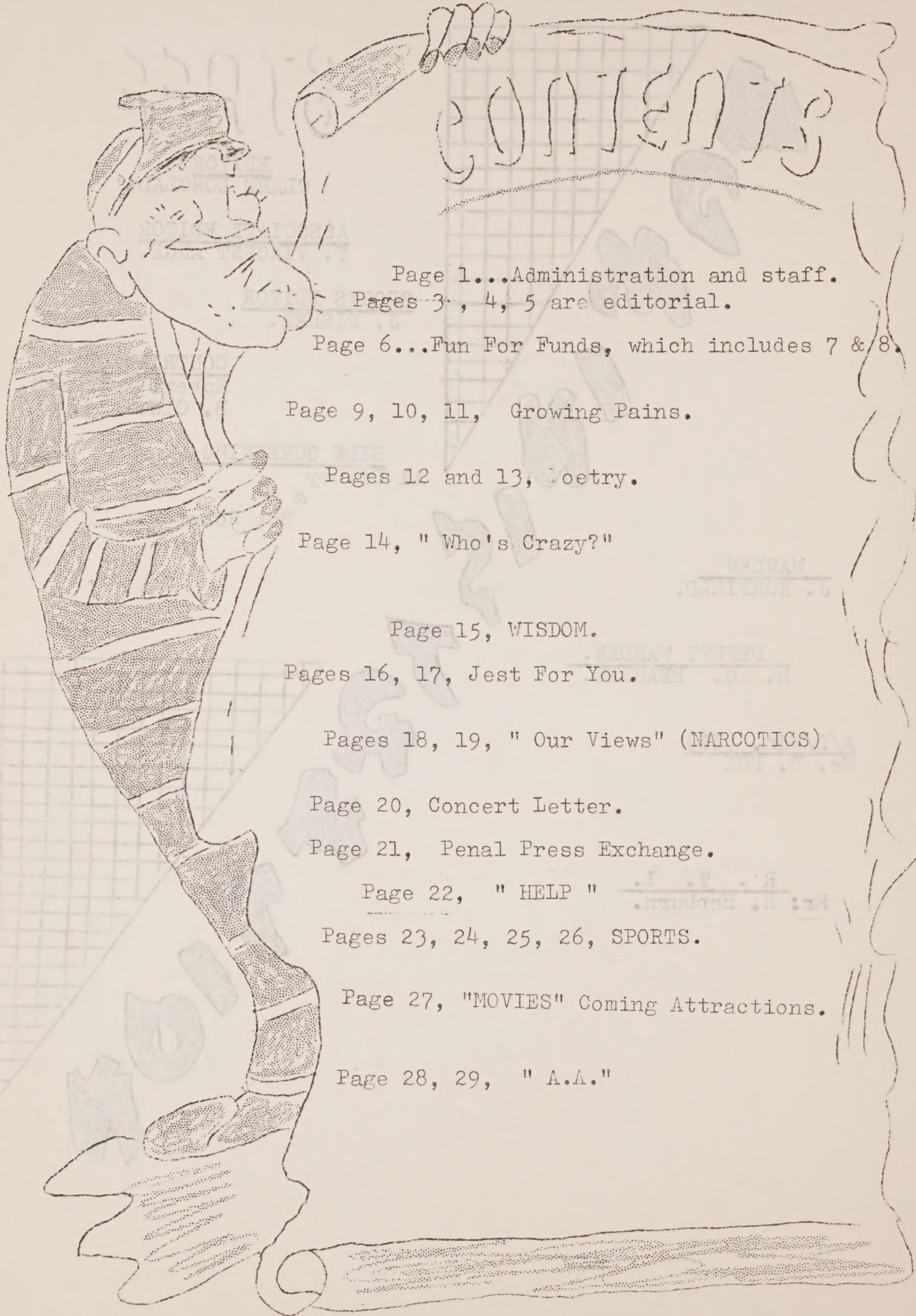
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THE EDITOR SAYS



Our Youthful Dilemma...

IS OUR APPROACH CORRECT?

DELINQUENCY ... quality or state of being delinquent; failure, omission or violation of duty; transgression of law; a fault, misdeed or offense; a misfeasance or malfeasance; misdemeanor; a tendency to commit such offences; as distinguished from crime, delinquency usually implies a psychological rather than a judicial attitude toward the offender - Webster.

DELINQUENT ... be wanting in ones duty, do wrong, failure in duty; offending by neglect or violation of duty or of law; a transgressor against duty or law in a degree not constituting crime - Webster.

Let's face it ... it's confusing; to say the least. The action, delinquency coupled with the perpetrator, a delinquent, is so all inclusive; by the very nature of definition it includes the universal population. The world, a combination of countries; countries a combination of states; states a combination of communities; communities a combination of families; and families a combination of individuals.

You and I are individuals. I am a criminal (or convict) having perpetrated a crime. Webster uses some 620 words to explain what is meant by an act of crime which makes one a criminal. Personally I like the simple statement: "I erred."

In finality there is only one person, or individual, upon whom yours truly is an authority-MYSELF. Having arrived at this basic conclusion it remained to find the cause of my personal delinquency, which finally ended with a judicial conviction which classified me as a criminal. Only one word in all its ramifications is capable of correctly labeling the cause of my misfortune-IGNORANCE.

Trained at youth in my chosen trade; both in vocational schools and by self-attained experience; there was no lack of material knowledge to acquire a livelihood. Scholastically, in accordance with the accepted educational standards, a high degree of relative knowledge was gained. During the passing years both these fields of learning were expanded to some degree of perfection. Today there is no doubt of my productive ability nor my working knowledge of a very skilled profession. There is little doubting the presence of a degree of knowledge on a diversified number of other subjects.

Although by all standards of material education my knowledge had reached a rather high acumen; there remained this fact: I was in a state of almost complete ignorance of myself. From this point two virtues of which lip service was applied appeared; not lacking, but UNPRACTICED IN ALL MY ASSOCIATION with friends and neighbors. They were present in knowledge but unknown and misunderstood in application. Actually they had not been thoroughly understood as to their PRACTICAL APPLICATION IN ACTION.

The first of these virtues is love, which although often cloaked in human emotion, is basically a product of will. It is expressed in our association with others in our willingness to serve them. How far we are willing to extend our talents, time, etc., for the sake of our friends and neighbors. One may not be attracted to certain persons; nor agree with their acts or omissions: but this in no way prevents us from loving them-from being willing to serve them.

If we loved our neighbor as much as we do ourselves, we would not need to be told not to kill or injure them. Not to break the bounds of modesty and purity; not to steal; lie about, think evil of nor wish harm upon anyone.

A compassionate love would cause all friction to vanish-no longer could there be unjust criticism, intolerances, bigotry, prejudice, dissensions, rash judgement, or contentions. Because if we loved our neighbors as ourselves, we certainly would harbor no attitude nor take any action against any fellowman we would not take against ourselves.

This must be accomplished for no reason other than a willingness and heart-felt desire to serve others with a complete and unselfish charity. This is a love which bespeaks, 'I want to give.' Not one which states, "I want; give me." True; love also ultimately seeks possession, but primarily seeks to GIVE. Properly applied this virtue; accepted with childish simplicity; leads to the practical application of the second virtue, humility-TRUTH. The admission of all one qualities - both GOOD and BAD.

An applicable understanding of these two virtues early in childhood would have enabled me to speak as little as possible of myself; to mind my own business and avoid idle curiosity. Would have taught me to accept contradiction and correction, and not want to manage other people's affairs. In expressing an opinion there could be no insistence unless TRUTH AND JUSTICE required it, then only in moderation and simplicity.

This attitude would have allowed me to pass over the mistakes of others; to cover them up, and where prudence demanded to accept them.

Enable the yielding to the will of others, where neither DUTY or CHARITY is involved. Help me to hide my own ability or talent (BUT TO USE IT) ; and finally to avoid ostentation.

My ignorance lay not in lacking the knowledge of these characteristics-they were preached to me from childhood. They were directives to be adhered to-my ignorance lie simply in NOT KNOWING HOW TO PLACE INTO ACTION the directives.

Could this be a basis for treatment of the delinquent? If so it must begin early-in the home; and must carry the conviction of wisdom and understanding.

"EDITORS COMMENTS"

The ADVANCE was never intended to be the voice of one or two individuals, however, in the past there has been too little interest taken by the inmate population which resulted in a somewhat narrow view being publicized.

Many inmates who have a talent for writing have failed to avail themselves of the opportunity of expression which is available to them only through their institutional publication. The fact that this talent does exist has been proved many times, but talent is of little use to anyone if it is not cultivated and used to its full potential. The inmate who develops this talent does more than just help himself, he actually contributes to a change that is taking place in the public attitude towards prisoners.

Prisoners are people, but the only way to convince the general public that this is so is to establish a personal contact. One of the ways this contact can be established from here is through the ADVANCE with its outside subscribers.

When an inmate writes about himself or his environment he will naturally acquire a better understanding of himself and his fellow man. This understanding is conveyed to the reader and a mutual understanding develops. Outside readers are becoming interested in the inmate with a new awareness and understanding of the diverse problems which have led him to this place. With comprehension comes recognition and acceptance.

It is indeed heartening to know that we, as inmates, are beginning to take advantage of the only medium by which our thoughts on problems besetting us can become known. Your news magazine offers the ideal Sounding-Board for the results of your critical thinking.

ANY COMMENTS ON ARTICLES IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE WELCOMED.



FUN FOR FUNDS

The delinquent shut-ins put on a frolicking laugh-in for a cause that was dear to the hearts of every Joyceville Inmate. The occasion was an Inmate Musical-Comedy Concert to raise funds to send Kingston District youngsters to Summer Camps.

The Inmate Concert also served another extremely popular cause. Inmates were allowed to invite their families, friends and relatives. The calibre of entertainment shown by the inmate artists made the occasion a pleasant one.

This fund-raising concert had it all! The legendary magic of Big Band numbers to delight captive and visiting audience alike. The comedy that, by audience reaction, reached professional heights; the psychedelic sounds of music and mood that compelled the younger uninhibited out front to jump from their seats and leap to the beat. In saner moments the fans were entertained with toe-tapping Cowboy Music. We had four clowns greeting the guests and youngsters on the way in. We had two M.C.'s., one on and one off stage. We had political skits that bid well to help someone to get elected - or electrocuted! Like I said - we - had - it - all!

The Orchestre started the show off with a trio of superb arrangements that had shades of Glen Miller, Woody Herman and Herb Alpert. We name the entire orchestra below because they all took care of their solos with studied excellence. Donny Dunn-trombone; Ted Elliot - tenor sax; Sam Mancuso - guitar; Billy Harris - alto sax; Ernie Dupuis - drums; Bill Boyd - alto sax; Jimmy Fisher

- bass; Tony Landry - Maracas.

Two very popular Kingston Area guests, Ronnie Wong, on trumpet and Reverend B. Thrasher on piano, sat in with the inmate band.

The Leader of this musical menage, "Smiling Solly Sherman", is prepared at all times to take a bow at the drop of a spotlight or the rise of a curtain. But why not! The time and effort that Solly puts into preparations, and the extravaganzas he so ably helps to produce is a credit to his talents. To get a group of musicians and performers together and mold them into a harmonious unit is no easy task anywhere - least of all in this discotheque of discontent. So Solly - if you'll pardon the expression - was the Prime Mover.

Moving the show along as M.C. on the stage and introducing acts etc., smoothie "Whitey" Houston, gave us all an added attraction with jokes and doing the Al Jolson bit with song and patter.

Claire Longlad and his psychedelic rock 'n roll entourage made the walls shake and rattle with his multi-coloured rhythm. A most popular part of the show for the young at heart - that is everyone. But you had to be sure you were young in limb, too, before you could attempt to shake up a storm and keep with the beat. It best be your "bag of tea" if you felt the urge to dance. Clare belts out the vocals admirably and the unrehearsed Swirling Dervish that fell from the heavens, thrashing about stage was the perpetual motion padre from the district, Reverend Bryan Thrasher. All this magic

mania is aided and abetted by John Poynton on tambourines; T. Elliot - sax; E. Dupuis - drums; R. Lapierre and G. Armstrong - guitars and J. Fisher - bass.

A testimonial to cause and effect and also a refreshing interlude of sanity was enjoyed when Louis Lefebvre made believers of us with his delightful selection of "I Believe" and encored with "He", for a hushed and appreciative audience. Another strong soloist was Tony Landry with an English and French rendition of "I Wish You Love." Both vocalists were accompanied by the resident Reverend's wife Mrs. McDowell.

Most girls are either told or taught it is legal to tease but evil to please. But ya pays your money, so they say, and you takes your choice. Well - maybe not quite. But you can think what you like, anyway. And you do exactly that in a brilliant pantomime act put on by Marty Tyo and Ronnie Douglas. To some it was charmingly risqué, to others, it was pleasingly provocative. Then again, to others - well only her doctor can be sure. But like I said - you pays your money..... Whatever, it certainly was a most entertaining interlude. Marty no doubt has done a lot of pantomime and he does it superbly. Ronnie has done it before, too. Pantomime, that is. Marty's ensembles were unique and clever. Ronnie's (Miss Glamour Galore - not related) wardrobe changes were the rave of the female audience.

Stomping and toe-tapping time - Country and Western style. As always popular group around these pastures. The country rhythm boys of Glen Armstrong and banjo and also the leader of this posse. Ably supported by vocalists and guitarists R. Jeffries and L. Stevenson. E. Dupuis - drums and J. Fisher once again on bass. For the hoe-down on the fiddle, John Latta, with many assists from a near stampeding audience.

Folk singers Dave Montgomery and John Weeks were on stage

protesting, very musically, and mirroring the popular unrest by music to the delight of the crowd but to no avail with the authorities - they were still around for the official count.

Jackie Gleason time. You had to be there and you still could not believe that it wasn't the real thing. Joe the Bartender skit kept the crowd in stitches, through-out. Crazy Guggenheim, done by "Shaky" Cunningham cannot be improved upon. Playing Gleason behind the bar was Fred Sweet. And the audience loved it.

"The News At 8". We were kept up to date on the C.B.C. round-up of news on the political scene by skits that were pure slapstick. "Cap" Laporte as "Trudy LaMush", dressed in mini-skirt and wig was an absolute scream. At just under 300 pounds and mincing on stage with a king-sized ice-cream cone, "Cap", (I mean Trudy), had to defend her right to be an unmarried woman, albeit a pregnant one. Or so the nasty political rumor suggested.

Ted Elliot (versatile and so very capable throughout the show) was the national salesman for the P.C. Leader. In this skit his task was to show the significance of the Penfield underwear convention models with a Penfield political image. Ted had models in a variety of styles of longjohn underwear to make his point. And he made it very well, indeed. A Mr. E.J. Fenson, a name that sounds suspiciously like the local M.P., and played by Clare Longlad, was asked about the future finance policies of his party. His plea to allow all prisoners out on parole as tax-paying fodder, while perhaps not very practical, was certainly popular, hereabouts.

Freddy Sweet came on all made up as an old 1896 beauty queen, Dimples Mitton, commenting on the futility of a Royal Commission on equal rights and more sexual (?) freedom for women. She praises the medical miracles that free all inhibited fillies. Even at her, Dimples, age, she is never without

her queen size bottle of the PILL.

A political barber shop skit again finds "Cap" Laporte as a barber in a Prince Albert, Sask., shop being interviewed as, Rene LaTreck. Forget the dialogue; "Cap" - or Rene - actually shaved bald, three volunteers while he explained politics and separatism. But the job Rene does on the victims in his chair while he talked got so many laughs you couldn't catch the conversation.

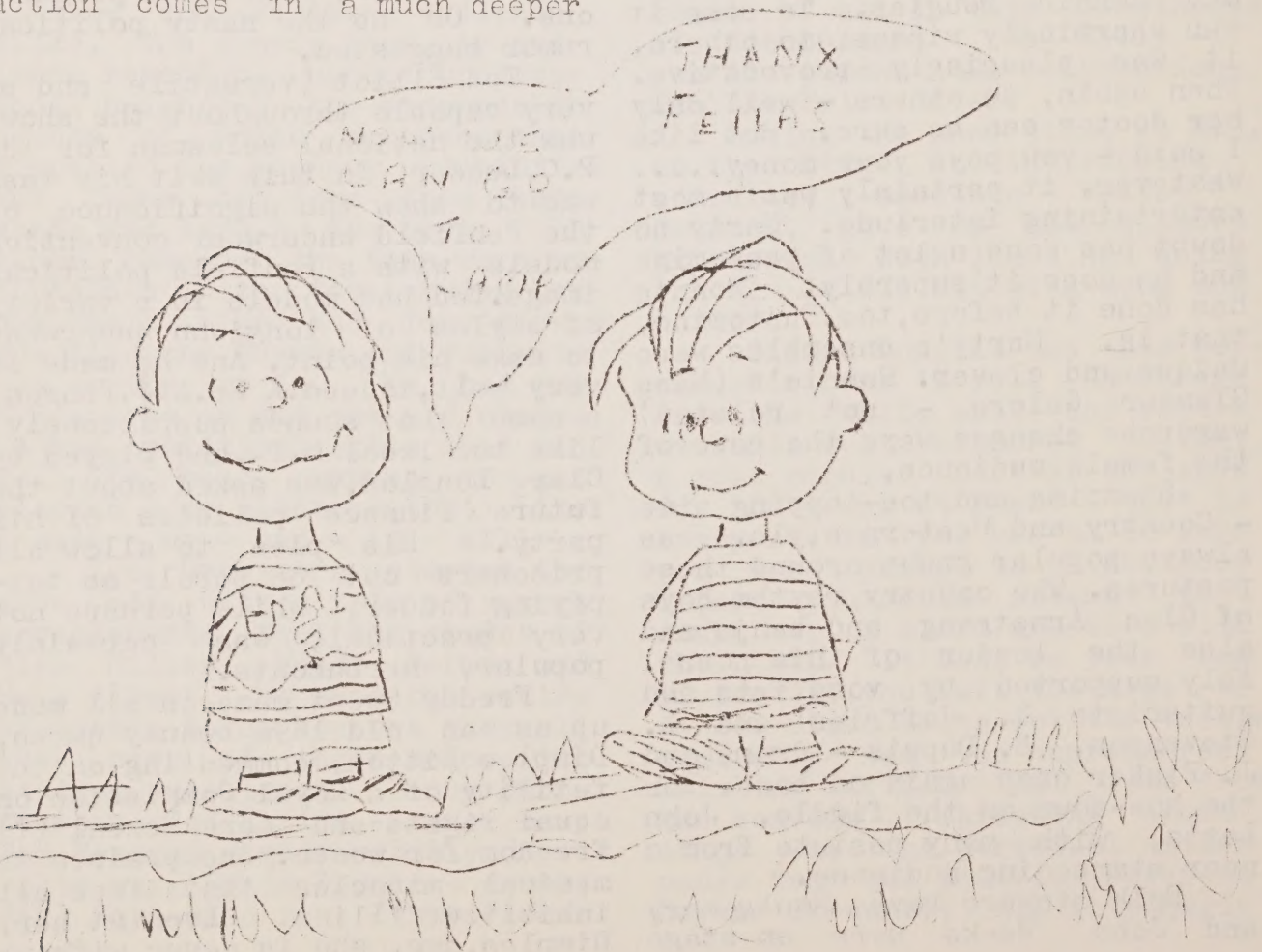
Commentators for the above, Donny Dunn as Tex Boring and Solly Sherman as Norman Deschmo, kept these political caricatures at an even, fast-moving pace throughout.

Many more inmates could be named who helped to make this show the success it turned out to be. Electricians, stage-hands, property, wardrobe, etc., etc.... They all deserve our thanks. The Inmate Committee, Clare Longlad and John Bowman has thanked each and everyone. A thanks or satisfaction comes in a much deeper

sense. To know that in some small way they were responsible for the raising of enough funds to send youngsters off to camp - this in itself is enough.

At a lunch break, the performers and everyone connected with the show, combined to show their appreciation to three very worthy guest performers. A special kind of recognition for the tireless effort they showed in helping the inmates to secure dollars for the Boy's Camp Fund, sponsored by The Kingston Whig Standard. Mrs. McDowell was presented with a bath towel set, Mr. Ronnie Wong and the Reverend Bryan Thrasher with a Barbeque-set.

In closing we would like to mention that Mr. Davies, publisher of the Kingston Whig Standard, expressed his deep appreciation to every inmate for his interest towards the Boy's Camp Fund.



" GROWING PAINS."

By: T.Vincent Ange.

Lately it is becoming apparent that our society is in the process of qualifying itself for its realities. Daily, during this transition there are new concepts and perspectives advanced and pursued. Some will cite these changes as affecting morality, extreme; but even in extremity, if that morality now emerging remains attuned to the needs and circumstances of the people, then we are indeed coming of age. It might be said that intellectual maturity, in individual or society, is a state psychologically attained where reality endorses intention and expression.

Today for example, there are new laws being advanced governing divorce, birth-control, abortion, medi-care, capital punishment and agriculture compensation along with minimum wage scale and Adult-re-education programmes. If one peers closely enough he realizes rather extensive moral implications. The aspects of transition are too numerable to recount.

Execution is unlikely in the wake of a Capital crime because a new attitude recently adopted shed the barbaric tradition of antiquated morality which attempted to condone such callous retribution. Unfortunately the human element of our Judicial systems are equipped only to weigh the superficial aspects of circumstance while the psychological remains obscure. In result, we had half truths compiled contributing to final verdict, and too often that verdict resulted in a life being exterminated; a life that might otherwise, and I say 'might' with all normal reservations, have lived and been realized as a responsible contributor to the same society that condemned, nullifying this possibility. Partially such gruesome expenditure of life was a product of morality sustaining needless fears, fears little substantiated by fact in large part derivative from philosophies, theologies, ideologies and superstition initially conceived because of man's inherent fear of death which has always intimidated us with its inexplicable finality. So we made man infinite at the exorbitant cost of our mortality and a sounder morality associated that might have evolved according to life's justified propriety. We made life cheap with illusion, suppressing our humane instincts and forsaking dignity in existence. In sad irony it isn't hard to see, that what we created out of fear of death inadvertently betrays us more readily to similar end. We are Sire and Fodder to our own violent temperament. As Mr. Pearson was reputed to have said recently in relation to the Bill on Abolition of Capital Punishment: "Those who are still opposed to abolition of capital punishment in their thinking, are mental barbarians."

I've often wondered about a society which reared its young to believe life itself a first propriety considered above all else. And would such resulting adults emerging into that society tolerate politics that could invest them in war to dissolve political differences? Or would they not be likely to vote in such representatives who could seek solution through a non-violent sanity by rational pursuit of intellect? One must of course consider that the foremost obligation of any political structure, is to work toward the betterment and welfare of its own institution, and the moment it advances the life of one constituent to the advent of war's insanity, it unequivocally nullifies its own worth, is rendered obsolete, for it has failed the first obligation by betraying to carnage its constituents. On a smaller scale, the same thing applies

to Capital-Punishment. Is not the same propriety of life ignored when a court methodically and mercilessly takes life? Or are we prone to pseudo wisdoms such as; " an eye for an eye " conveniently applying them while a greater wisdom of " two wrongs never make a right " is forsaken. Reality will endorse the latter. Fortunately most people do not also adopt a similar attitude or there would be many judges and juries offered up to violence when a family sought vengeance; nor would they be any guiltier and would at least have honest passions in continuing the cycle of retribution. Evidently we have lost something very precious when we shed our mortality and adopted unsubstantiated illusions into our psychological make-up.

The same applies to the dead baby in the streets of a war ravaged nation such as Vietnam; a child not guilty of physical or psychological aggression against the nation which took its life. Is that not a murder? Reality would assume so. But reality has always seemed presumptuous to our members who discredit its propriety with fantasy. I find it appallingly irresponsible to endorse anything that my senses cannot partake of and that intellect can't substantiate. How many men would go to war if they had but one life and were not subconsciously brainwashed in the innocence of their youth to the contrary, left to believe some infinite extension? It undoubtedly is an occasion worthy of some thought.

It has always been for the elders to gaze upon a hill, but inevitably a task of crossing that hill belongs to youth as only they have the energy equal of such venture. Our foremost hill has always been one of self improvement as individuals and as human societies.

Today, and I hope tomorrow, we continue to find ourselves within a Nation of great potential whose real greatness lies in the fact, that it is coming of age by making itself equal of its realities. There was considerable indignation in certain areas where divorce, abortion and birth-control laws were concerned. Still, those laws are humane and practical making allowance for human frailty and error. Too long have people been rearing families like small herds which they were not emotionally or financially capable of. With each child there are two paramount obligations the parents, if responsible, must meet; and that is, that parents must be emotionally equal to the needs of offspring and financially able to educate them to whatever degree necessary where they can safely emerge into society a responsible and productive contributors. This is for the child as much as it is for the society. One compliments the other. Responsibility breeds responsibility just as ignorance has so long bred ignorance. The subtle war of societies pursuing deliverence through intellect is most evident by the extensive Adult-Re-Education programmes progressing throughout the world. These re-education programmes are not accidents. It isn't unlikely that some forward looking individuals realize, that what the responsible imagination of man can conceive, his applied genius can eventually achieve. It is there each day in our tabloids for those who not only read, but who can also accord the evidence some thought.

This more responsible outlook extends to benefit we exiles as well. Now available to the incarcerated offender are new and improved recreational facilities, conjugal visits in some areas enabling the small intimate worlds that families fashion for themselves a better chance of survival. Someone realized that suppressing the emotions and expressions of these smaller worlds bred only a greater bitterness in the felon. Bitterness is not rehabilitative, nor is seeing a family who is innocent suffer because of your mistakes. Once we were subjected totally to retribution and not rehabilitation. But fortunately this is also showing promise of change and now rehabilitation has a chance of becoming more than just a word bantered about in political

verbage in assisting the Reform tax-dollar to appear more diversified than it actually is. But Time cannot be replaced. In that respect we are less the thief than those who deprive us of what can never be replaced. Most felons feel that someone has to foot the bill for that loss and the society which took the irreplaceable is inevitably elected. Finally reform bureaucrasies are attempting to create areas of challenge with associated gratification in accomplishment enabling the felon to see that there are also rewards to be derived in other areas of endeavour for what energies he invests, allowing expression and pride some concession because it is so essential to each of us. Some felons are now being channelled into productive areas with a good chance of becoming compatible to a world they have long fought. Even a friendly dog turns vicious when its expression of affection and emotions are suppressed within a diet of bitter futile lethargy within a cage.

In past Penal institutions were accused with regularity of being spawning grounds for homosexuality while the society that accused neglected to remember that the felon doesn't create the conditions contrary to Nature that he endures. Not too long ago the entire outlook and psychological approach to offenders was of a masculine connotation; sports, reading and fraternity such as some societies of ancient Greece cultivated and where similar situations resulted. We need only the history of a species to see our mistakes repeated or to foretell the future. Unfortunately most creatures are biological; man included. This biological has intention and demands expression that will not be suppressed indefinitely without psychological repercussions, severe enough in some instances to where heterosexuality becomes an expenditure when the norm of expression is thwarted. Today we are at least receiving some weaponry with which to defend the bastille of our heterosexuality. There is television where the girls can't be censored out and we're indulged such sophisticated journals as the "Playboy", a recent addition we are very appreciative of, while our reading in general has improved. Fortunately it has been realized we are "familiar" with the female of the species. It is the loss of that 'familiarity' we find difficulty in adjusting to, nor is it necessary to elaborate on that familiarity. But I can assure you that the average inmate in an institution isn't about to trade his galloping libido for that of a more conservative one. Still the start has been made, and for that we are grateful. Part of, I hope, that sounder morality emerging which is attuned and in turn endorsed by realities confronting us.

So from those of us who still find the female a lamentable loss ; we thank you. One of the few occasions when our appreciation is most sincerely intended with a heart felt gratitude. In its way, reading , viewing such publications assists us in feeling a little more like the men we'd like to be were circumstances other than what they are presently. Who knows!, maybe one day some legislation will happen along that will consider integrated prisons? There is definitely an imposing voting block awaiting the politician who evidences such a sympathy. So again we thank you for all considerations though limited in our participation of a Nation's growing pains. One day we might be contributors and not necessarily detractors, for we too are searching for a morality that wont betray us in the face of our realities.

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POEMS

" RENT FREE "

" CIGARETTE "

By: T. Vincent Ange.

Some say it is a haunted house, They tell me not to smoke,
Yet looked so barren in decree; It really is quite alarming;
Fields overgrown domain of grouse, There are times I almost choke
Such spectre as the children flee. And agree it might be harming.
Tis whispered of enchantment there, Still I've never killed a man
But no one ever comes to see; Nor left my garbage on the lawn,
Cautious fear exceeds their care, Or frightened kids till they ran
Even unfounded though it may be. And I still appreciate a dawn.

Once it stood in such majesty, Yet a statistic they make of me;
Of regal lines to its bearing; Who are they to so measure
In love and hate and chastity, Stipulating what my fate will be?
Outliving those of any caring.
Reduced now to a mute epitaph;
For those once dwelling within,
Beyond their care and wrath,
Now silent of that past din.

Occasionally the wind will howl
Rampaging through its empty rooms;
Some even mistake a ghost in cowl
Suspicioning a multitude of dooms.
Only a tattered curtain of damask,
Flapping sterilely amid the dust;
This is their awesome ghost at task
Whose curtain rod has long been bust.

It's quite funny they ignored
The bullets in all their wars,
And hearing of it they're bored,
Yet it left an earth with sores.
So I'll just smoke here in peace
And leave them to their wars,
Which never really seem to cease,
Literally erasing life by scores.
I'll remain with my cigarettes,
Watching Time and Television:
Maybe even to placing some bets
Little frightened by their vision.

A light was once reported seen,
Claimed some frightened widow;
Old, haggard and so meanly lean,
An only one who seemed to know.
Of ghosts she so often pantomimed
Cavorting about in ludicrous glee;
Adding there more mystery enshrined,
Just as she intended it to be.

For always in each day's news
Is that carnage, chaos and crying,
Forced to observe murdering crews
Leaving all the maimed and dying.
So let the cigarette do its best,
With it at least are further years;
While their wars I will not test,
Of those I really do have fears.
But if they can give up war,
Then maybe I will cease to smoke;
Not intending to make them sore,
We'll each have a respective yoke.

So now there is some eerie light
And all who see have great fear,
Wary of certain unknown blight,
Fearful of ever venturing near.
So also a cackle upon the wind,
With a creaking from the tree;
Tis only the widow who has sinned,
Now living in there rent free.

POEMS

" Y O U "

By: R.J. Hutcheon.

You are the fellow that has to decide
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside.
You are the fellow who makes up your mind
Whether you'll lead or will linger behind,
Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar,
Or just be contented to stay where you are.
Take it or leave it. Here's something to do.
Just think it over.....it's all up to you.

" THE GREAT CLOCK "

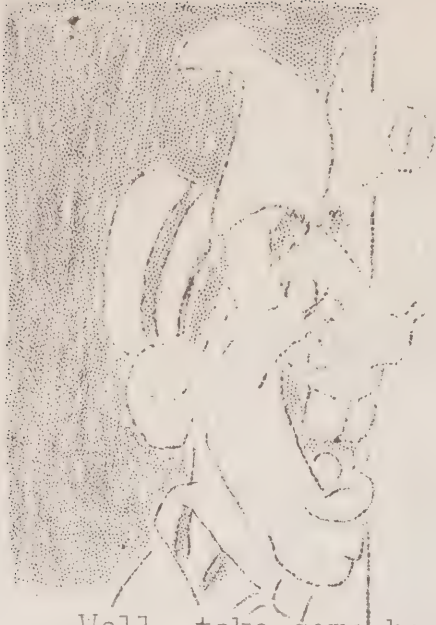
The Clock of Life is Wound but Once;
And No Man Has The Power:
To Tell Just When The Hands Will Stop:
At Late or Early Hour.
Now, Is the Only Time You Own:
Live, Love, Toil With a Will.
Place No Faith In Tomorrow, For
The Hands May Then Be Still.

" IT SHOWS IN YOUR FACE "

You don't have to tell how you live each day;
You don't have to say if you work or play
A tried true barometer serves in the place
However you live it will show in your face.

The false, the deceit, that you bear in your heart
Will not stay inside where it first got its start
For sinew and blood are a thin veil of lace
What you wear in your heart, you wear in your face.

If your life is unselfish, if for others you live
For not what you get, but how much you can give.
If you live close to God, in His infinite grace;
You don't have to tell it, it shows in your face.



"WHO'S

CRAZY"

Well, take some heart chaps. Outside in that big cold arena they're literally killing each other and the mortality rate among the higher income bracket boys has climbed drastically. Seems they've taken to shooting Presidents, Religious leaders and anyone who indicates he might want to join a parade. Granted, everyone loves a parade, but after incidents like Detroit and Los Angeles even Yogi Bear might have some second thoughts about those carelessly discarded butts. Yogi recently opened branch offices in some of the major cities as it appears there might be a long hot summer ahead. That's progress for you. Apparently insurance rates have gone way up on politicians and religious leaders. Guess it has something to do with they're always wanting to lead parades?

There is some talk about a new Small-Arms-Law and I imagine that means longer barrels and a lighter alloy to be used in Firearms to accomodate the people with that physical handicap. A law governing matches will be next with long-handled jobs for the short fire-bug if he cant afford a vera-flame lighter with a three foot flame. Prosperity. Of course they've been talking about rebuilding the slum areas over on the southern side of this continent and I guess burning them down is as quick a way of getting them down as any. Aint free-enterprise grand? Naturally the people con-

cerned about air pollution have some qualms with all that smoke, yet I imagine the ashes smell better than most slums I've wandered through. So that should pacify their sensitivities a little. Of course they're the same people who are blind by habit and not by natural causes at any rate. Hell, for years they've been aware of the different colours abounding in nature and still cant accept the fact we're all just so much potential fertilizer. I guess their local groceteria or hardware will further substantiate the fact by showing them an endless array of colour compounds in terra-ferma nutrient. Whether it be dog, bird or man, old Mother Nature doesn't discriminate when she's putting on the feed-bag. Such is life.

At least in here the chances of waking up in ashes only to realize them your own or not waking up period because of a spontaneous case of fatal lead poisoning, are very remote. Times I even think we manage to sleep a hell of a lot better too and the anti-Poverty campaigns for starving millions wont affect us. Even the Wolf cant come to our door. So Latch onto a smile and think of all those poor unfortunates outside with their problems.

ANYONE GOT A MATCH?

WISDOM

By: Barney Oldfield.

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every one has his weak points, every one has his faults; we may make the worsts of these; we may fix our attention constantly on these, but we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, and ask even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and through us, we were in their place. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from from them to us, and life will become a deep pleasure; and earth will become a real heaven.

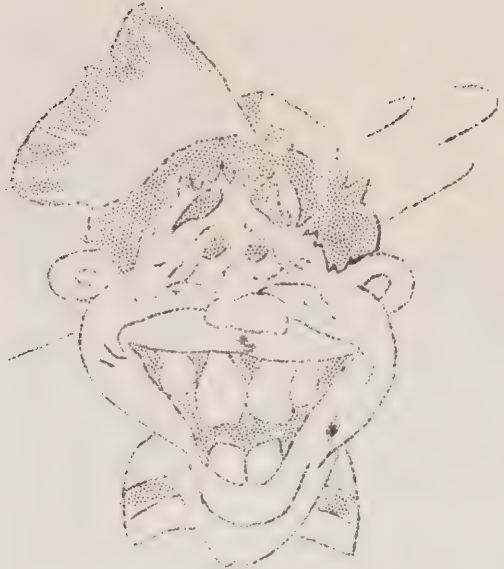
Never inquire into another man's secret: but conceal that which is entrusted to you, though pressed both by wine and anger to reveal it.

Do the thing you fear and the death of fear is certain. The mind is a limited thing. It can only hold one thought at a time, one impulse to action. Fear is a stupid unreasoning panic which has no origin, except in one's own mind.

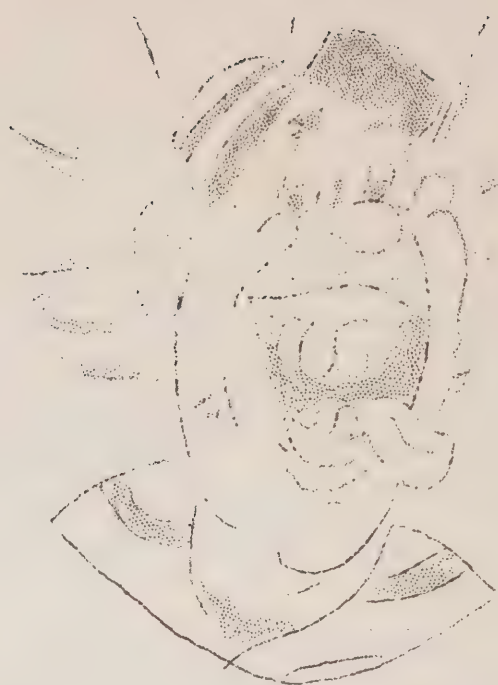
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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt respect the rights of they fellow prisoners, giving into him even the same consideration which thou desireth thyself.
2. Honour they rules and regulations, lest thy time be over-long in this land which the judge sent thee.
3. Thou shalt mind thy own business, lest thy proboscis be scarred by the blows of they fellow man.
4. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour, lest thou be branded all the days that thou dwell here.
5. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbours job, nor the privileges of his rank, lest thou find thyself behind the eight ball.
6. Thou shalt not steal thy neighbours weed, nor his books, nor his pipe, nor his blankets, lest thou wake up some morning to find thyself stripped of thy dearest possessions.
7. Thou shalt not cry "Bum Rap", lest thy fellow prisoners shun thee like the plague.
8. Do well the work which is allotted to thee, lest thou find thyself placed among the humble loafers of the idle gang.
9. Incur not the wrath of thy superiors, lest thou be cast into darkness of the dungeon.
10. Honour these commandments and refute them not, lest thou suffer great disappointments on the day thou communest with the Parole-Board.



TEST FOR YOU



" Letter from home."
St.John's Nfld.,Evening Telegram.

While on the army kick,I have here a letter from a soldier's Mom to her darlin' lad who was away to war.

She said: " Dear son,We got a bit of extra money come in tother day so we got one of them there bathroom sets that they haves out now. It's very nice.

" There is something to wash your face in and a bigger thing you can wash your whole self in. And there's another machine where you can wash one foot at a time and just touch a lever to change the water for the other foot.

"The storekeeper was real nice and he sent two bits of board,sort of round shaped. I kept the solid one for a bread board and the one with the hole in it was just the size to frame your picture in your uniform.

As we had a bit of money left your father bought one of them new radio things and the first thing we got on it was a forecast. All about Major Disturbance and that General Synopsis.

Your father said they was them big war fellers and he was not to struck on the General.

Your aunt was here yesterday and asked me if I had got the flu. I said yes, girl, we had the new flue, pipes and stove and everything since we had the bit of extra money."(I got lost about the second paragraph and fled here.)

" OVER FORTY CLUB "

I like women over Forty.
They dont Tell,
They dont Yell,
They dont Swell;
And they're grateful as HELL.

" Anonymous."

THE STUDENT.

A new physical training class was being interviewed by a replacement teacher. He went through the class commending the various boys and girls on their choice of sports and making notes. At length he came to little Johnny at the back of the class who had his head buried in a paperback skin-book.

" And what is your favourite sport Johnny?" The teacher asked trying not to show his distaste for the boy's choice of reading matter.

The boy looked up very bored and after a moment drawled."Fornication!"

The teacher stood astounded even though this was a senior class. The fact that it was a mixed class left him the more discomfited. Attempting composure and making allowance for the possibility of faulty hearing, the teacher again asked the youth. Again he recieved the same answer, and to his dismay the class tittered. With extreme effort of control he asked the youth to accompany him into the hallway and there he tried again to be reasonable. " What is your favourite sport Johnny?"

" Like I told ya dad," the youth drawled with an elaborately bored shrug, " fornication."

" Since you insist in ignoring all the codes of decency and modest-y , John, you leave me no alternative but to send you home and have you relate to your father exactly what you confronted me and the rest of the class with." The teacher said with indignation. " And I'll expect you to bring back a note of verification. From there we will take action."

The boy shrugged and sticking a cigarette in his mouth, sauntered from the building. An hour later he returned and confronted the teacher in the hall.

" Do you have the note as asked? The teacher demanded right off.

" Nope."

" Did you tell your father just why I sent you home?"

" Sure did teach."

" Then how is it you dont have a note by way of verification?" There was an obvious doubt in the teacher which he couldn't hide with a patient frown.

" Well," the boy began hesitantly, then grinned, " my old man isn't much fer listening. When I came in and told him, he and some friends were playing poker and drinking a little whiskey."

" And what did he say?" The man asked impatiently.

" Just said that any man who did not appreciate fornication must be a homosexual and he'd be damned if he was going to correspond with him, so I didn't get me the note."

Two delicate types were sitting on a grassy knoll of a riverbank. A long flat boat was moving back and forth across the water and after a long time of observing this craft , one little fellow turned to the other no longer able to contain his curiosity. " What kind of boat is that Cecil?"

Cecil more worldly than his associate smiled softly. " Why that is a ferry boat, silly."

" Heavens," said the other ecstatic, " I knew we were well organized, but I never thought we had our own Navy."

" The Loudmouth."

A guy out looking for a drink wandered into a strange bar with an ' any port in a storm attitude.'

" Give me a double bourbon." Said the patron sliding onto a barstool.

" Sorry, but we only serve deaf and dumb mutes here Mac." The Bar-keep said apologetically.

It was then that the would be customer glanced about himself and noted everyone else was speaking in sign language. " Just the one, huh," he encouraged. " Got a bad thirst."

" Guess one wont hurt." The bartender relented. " Even have one myself." He smiled. " Gets lonely in here with no one to talk to."

" Yeh, imagine it would." The man replied swallowing his drink as soon as the barkeep had poured it.

" Aw hell, have another," the bartender insisted thankful for someone to talk to.

An hour later they were talking softly when the barkeep excused himself and went down to the end of the bar where one mute was waving his hands rather frantically.

After the bartender returned they had another drink together and off went the barkeep again down to the same individual whose hands were moving more animatedly than those of his companions. Without a word the bartender leaped over the bar and grabbing the mute, proceeded to haul him by the scruff of the neck to the door and pitched the man out into the street.

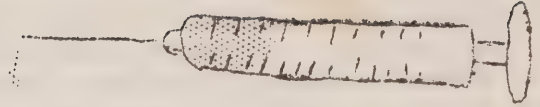
" What was that all about?" The customer enquired when the bartender again returned.

" Didn't cha see the way that guy's hands was going?"

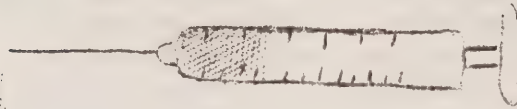
" Maybe a little faster and more elaborate than the rest.." The customer admitted puzzled.

" Exactly." The bartender said with self-righteous indignation. " That one always acts up and after a few drinks insists on singing. We aint licensed for that kind of racket."

NARCOTICS



OUR VIEWS



By: Howard Scott,
Buddy Hardy.

Much has been written and preached on the subject of narcotic addiction and the rehabilitation of a drug addict. All the so called authorities on drug addiction claim a variety of reasons motivate an individual's addiction to narcotics. One of the most common theories is the personality defect. They even go a step further where as they tell the individual how he or she can overcome this defect.

My opinion that no one can really in all sincerity find in the depths of another's mind what motivates certain of their actions, moods, or emotions. I'll go more than half way and admit that certain human personalities follow a pattern, but why write the rule that says everyone who is an addict is a cheat, liar, and will eventually end up in jail or the graveyard? One thing all human beings have in common is "Dying". We all must die whether we be drug addicts or not. Now then leave the "Ending up in Jail" statement. How many individuals started coming back and forth before they knew anything about narcotics? What about the hundreds who met inmates who were addicts while serving sentences for other offenses and upon their release, parole or whatever, looked up their "Institutional Associates" and were introduced to narcotics.

I disagree wholeheartedly with the theory that addiction is bred in the slums. What about the ones who came out of the slums that went to bigger and better things? That alone should eliminate that addiction is bred in the slums unless society just wants to make the slums the scapegoat for all ugliness that there is in these United States (as they often do). If the slums really breeds it as everyone seems to think, why don't addicts who are from the slums have parents who are addicted too? This of course is rare, yet those parents surely needed that crutch twenty years ago when everyday was really a grind.

Could we be so naive as to say the slums is the breeding grounds? Why? Today there are hardly any slums. The youths of today have too many distractions, idols, and opportunities to be concerned with ways to hold them back. Where will the cause lay in say ten years from now, when there are no slums? In my opinion there's an increase instead of decrease in drug addiction.

I feel no addict wants to be addicted, and all want to stop using narcotics. Regardless of how much therapy, guidance or advice he's given, it's all in vain unless the individual wants to quit. Like the saying goes; "you can lead a horse to water but you cant make him drink". Surprisingly enough, if and when he gets there and if thirsty enough, he'll drink. The same applies to an addict. When he's thirsty enough for his freedom and his wife, kids, respectability and a place in society, he'll quench his thirst by drinking understanding; understanding of his past afflictions. He himself must be able to make that change without support of all the so called do-gooders. In reality, the do-gooder does more harm than good because he never lets you fully forget your affliction and serves as a constant reminder to your past miseries by forever offering the hand to steady you. Why leave one crutch to pick up another: which one is worser? Being what someone wants you to be or doing what you want to do although you'll ruin yourself?

It all comes down to the same thing in order for an addict to really stop using narcotics he must within himself want too. It doesn't take the ten, twenty or twenty-five years netted out every week in our Courts to make you stop. I am sure every addict has seen another addict complete a ten or twelve year sentence and his first words upon being released are; "where's it at or who's got it?" From that we should conclude that stiffer sentences isn't the answer, what is then? The answer lies within the addict himself. He is the only one that can govern his actions. Why confuse or give him false confidence in himself by letting him assume that he can find his place in society by conforming with the fixed rules that tore him to bits in the beginning. Man is never his true self when he tries to blame others for his faults or his mistakes. An addict is human and a man, so why should he blame others? Intentionally we don't but society gives us that "out" by saying we are afflicted. Therefore, in order to lessen our punishment we assume if we go along with society's conception of us, we'll gain some favourable consideration. In the process of all this and interviews with do-gooders we make up more excuses to gain pity and sympathy that only gives society another stick to whip us with. Why do some addicts when they get arrested for a violent crime or serious one, their first remarks are; "I was suffering from withdrawals and needed a fix bad", or that they needed the money to support a two-hundred dollar a day habit? When things of that nature happen we are all judged capable of doing the same. The Majority of the time the one who commits the crime is some individual or group of them who just began using narcotics;

Beyond a doubt, narcotics is the devils right hand man, but we, the addicts make it so. So don't feel upon your release that because you went along with N.A. you are cured. You are only fooling yourself----- you aren't ever cured until you understand yourself. I dont know whether N.A. can help or not, but I attend. Yes, I am one of the inmates who go down there (meetings) on Thursday nights. I of course come away wondering, "am I really digging myself"? The sounds are decent down there (the meetings) and if it's game you want, I swear they give it away. One thing is for sure, you'll know what you want to do before you leave. Then too, you might very well find the answer to some of the questions that you have been constantly thinking and asking yourself. Give it a try and you may enjoy it!

Warden J. Norfield,
Joyceville Institution,
P.O. Box 880,
KINGSTON, Ontario.

Dear Warden Norfield:

I have greatly enjoyed my two recent visits to Joyceville Institution and I thank you for the hospitality and cordial goodwill shown to me and my Whig-Standard associates by yourself and your staff.

Through you, I would also like to express on behalf of the Whig-Standard Camp Fund and recipients of the Fund, to all the inmates, staff and friends of the institution who made the Sunday variety show such an outstanding success.

The esprit de corps shown by everyone Sunday night was a revelation to me. I admit my experience inside prisons is not extensive, but I was delightfully surprised by the easy-going attitude that seemed to prevail between inmates and staff.

The show itself was one of the best variety shows I have seen anywhere. It knocked the spots off the kind of stuff shown on a big U.S. TV network as the Ted Mack Amateur Hour.

In my youth, I occasionally took part in amateur shows and I realize all the hard work that goes into a production as finished as Sunday's show. I want to say a special word for all those who contributed to back-stage and to rehearsal work, which doesn't get the applause of the audience, but without which the performers just couldn't put on a show.

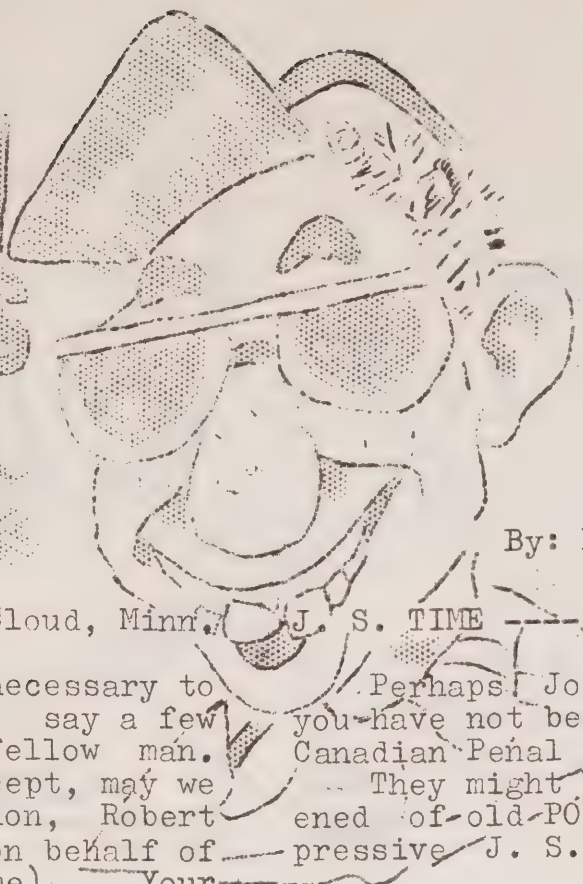
Again thanks to you and your staff for your warm co-operation and to the boys at Joyceville for a first-class job done for a real worthy cause.

Yours very truly,

Footnote: This letter was recieved by the Warden at Joyceville Institution from the Publisher of the Kingston Whig-Standard for the past concert put on here at the Institution; of which, the proceeds were applied to the Whig-Standard Camp Fund. Some children we dont know will go to camp this year with our heart felt best wishes and inside us, there is a little warmth of reflection in that knowledge that makes that concert and other similar ones very worthwhile.

Penal
Press

EXTRA
LARGE



By: Barney Oldfield.

THE PILLAR ----St. Cloud, Minn. J. S. TIME ---- Illinois.

It is not always necessary to await authorization to say a few words in behalf of a fellow man. Acting upon this concept, may we make this contention, Robert (DUSTY) Rhoades -- on behalf of Joe Milani (J. S. Time). Your writings Mr. Rhoades, are quite original and very impressive. Stealing your lines is not a vice but a virtue, it is proof positive -- not how bad Joe is -- but, how good you are.....

Perhaps Joe, one reason you have not been receiving more Canadian Penal Publications is -- They might be a wee bit frightened of old POTSHOT and very impressive J. S. TIME.

MENTOR ---- Mass.

Re; -"Criminals should be cured."

Prisons should exploit the ironic fact that mere aging is the main cause of going straight
----- Aint it the truth??????????

REFLECTOR - INDIANA

Three cheers for Dr. Little and his NAR - KA - NON group. Lets hope with Mr. Little that he can match some pieces to the controversial puzzle ----- AMEN.

ANGOLA ---- Louisiana.

Beautiful work on N.A. fellows, Hope our Toronto boy Mike Mazurka has joined in.

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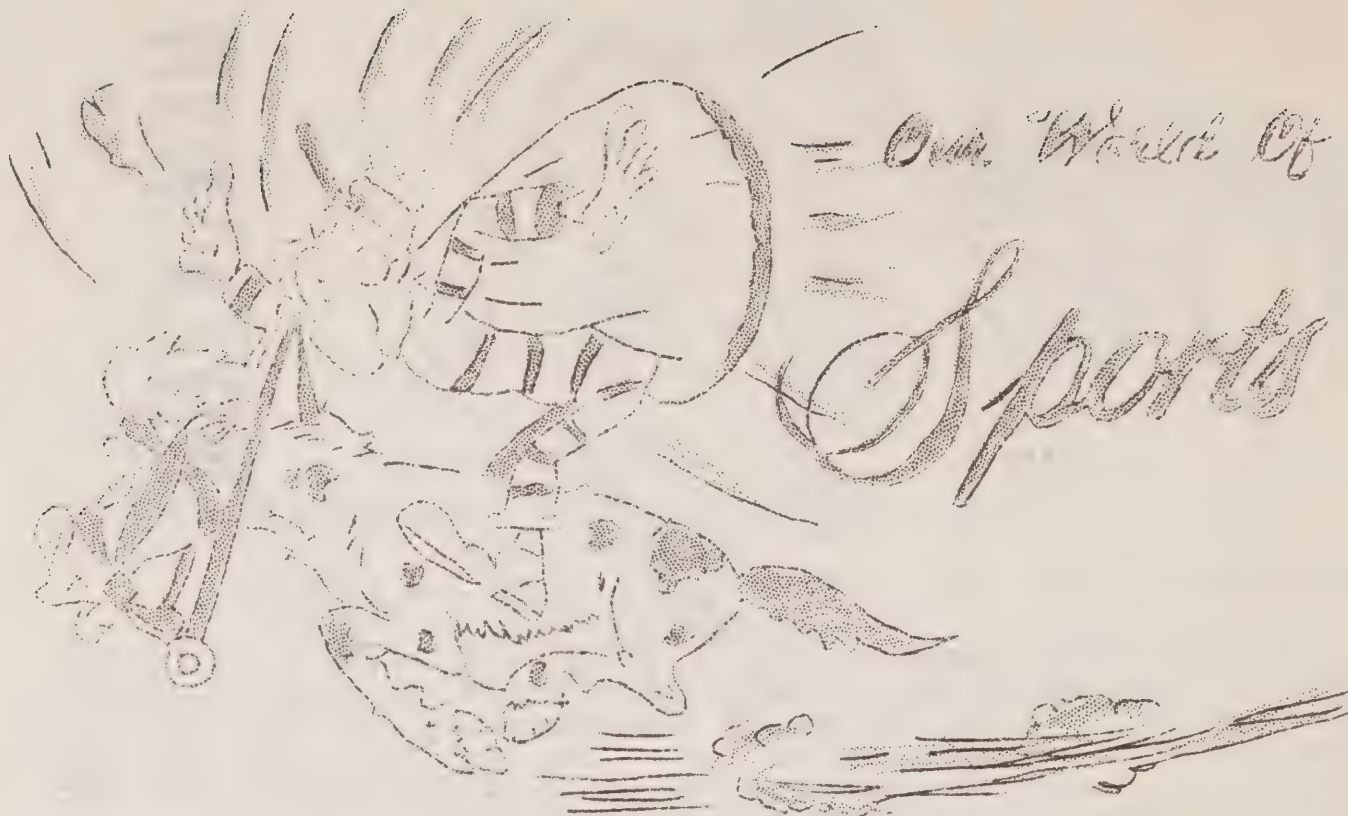
P.S. We would like to thank Howard Scott and Buddy Hardy for their article; " OUR VIEWS " which we took the liberty of using this issue. Unfortunately we dont have the issue in which the story appeared and cant name the Magazine by name.

RE: P.S. We would also like to thank " STRETCH " magazine who we've borrowed some of our illustrations from. Fortunately we have sugar and can manage in the coffee department. It's been a borrowing week.

.....

Never inquire into another man's secret: but conceal that which is entrusted to you, though pressed both by wine and anger to reveal it.

.....



JETS OPEN COUNTY LEAGUE

Joyceville Jets squeezed past Brewers Mills 6-5 on the strength of hitting pitc her Moe McKinnon.

McKinnon gave up seven hits to Brewers Mills, striking out eight. He got Joyceville Jets on the scoreboard with his three-run homer in the first inning. Relief pitcher Bill Ball cracked a pair of triples for Brewers Mills. Brother John was charged with the loss. The game was called after six innings due to darkness.

JETS GET TO VERONA EARLY

Bill Norman pitched shut-out ball for six innings in a Frontenac County Softball Association game Friday night at the Joyceville Institution.

Good enough for a victory?

In most games, yes. But not against Joyceville Jets. The Jets got to Norman for three runs in the first inning and made the lead stand up.

The Jets defeated Verona 3-2.

Norman gave up a two - run single to Wayne Clements which proved to be the difference, before settling down.

He survived the shaky start and was in control the rest of the game. But by then it was too late, as Joyceville had made the game.

Rick Shearer went the distance for the Jets, picking up the win. He fanned five batters giving up single runs in the first and third innings.

John Steele had a double and a triple for the losers while second baseman Spencer Storms doubled.

JETS' DuQuense TOO HOT FOR GLENBURNIE TO HANDLE

Floyd DuQuense was too much for Glenburnie to cope with Wednesday night in a Frontenac County Softball Association game.

DuQuense fired a three-hitter as Joyceville Jets scored an 8 - 0 shutout. He also opened the scoring with his three-run homer in the top of the fifth inning.

Gary Evans accounted for three of the Jets' eight hits, a triple, double and single. Art Leeman had a double for Glenburnie with singles going to Brian Roe and Jim Clyde.

LINESCORES ON PRECEDING GAMES AS FOLLOWS.

Brewers Mills.....	011	030-5	7	2
Joyceville Jets.....	320	100-6	7	5

John Ball, Bill Ball (3) and Fred Kotowich; Moe McKinnon and Clare Longlad.

Joyceville Jets.....	300	000-0 - 3	4	3
Verona.....	101	000-0 - 2	4	1

Rick Shearer and Tom Allaire; Bill Norman and Lynne Revell.

Joyceville.....	000	031 4-8	8	1
Glenburnie.....	000	000 0-0	3	3

Floyd DuQuense and Barnie Oldfield; Jack Leeman, Ron Brown (5) and Jim Clyde.

DUQUESNE FIRES NO HITTER

Duquesne continues to dominate league by firing no-hitter.

Joyceville Jets' Floyd Duquesne, a hulking righthander, stopped Brewers Mills 5 - 1 with a no-hitter. It was his third impressive pitching performance in the past ten days.

Duquesne struck out 15 and no walks in gaining the decision.

Moe McKinnon, with a two-run homer, and Clare Longlad with a triple and a single were the best hitters for the Jets.

LINESCORE

JOYCEVILLE.....	202	100 0-5	4	4
BREWERS MILLS.....	000	000 1-1	0	2

Floyd Duquesne and Barney Oldfield; Jim Cashman, John Ball (4) and Fred Kotowich.

SYDENHAM MAKES HITS COUNT

Sydenham made the best of two hits and Joyceville Jets made the worst of a bases-loaded, nobody-out situation in a Frontenac Softball Association. Floyd Duquesne pitched a two-hit, 12 struck out game, but Sydenham got both hits in the second inning to come up with the game's only runs in a 3 - 0 victory.

The Jets loaded the bases with nobody out in the fifth, but a double play and ground out ended the threat without a run scoring.

Barney Oldfield was the Jets' top hitter with a triple and two singles.

LINESCORES.

JETS'.....	0000	000 0-0	6	3
SYDENHAM.....	030	000 0-3	2	1

"JETS BLANK SYDENHAM 1 - 0, McKINNON HURLS NO-HITTER"

Moe McKinnon pitched no-hit ball for seven innings and grounded out in the bottom of the seventh to set up Joyceville Jet's 1 - 0 victory in a Frontenac County Softball Association game.

McKinnon threw his no-hitter against Sydenham, striking out nine batters. Fred McVeigh led off the last half of the inning with a double. McKinnon moved McVeigh to third base with his ground - out and another infield out sent McVeigh home with the winning run.

McKinnon and Charlie McCarthy had the other two hits for Joyceville, both singles. Glen Goslin was the losing pitcher.

LINESCORES

SYDENHAM.....	000	000	0	0	0	0
Joyceville.....	000	000	1	1	3	3

Glen Goslin and Art McAllister; Moe McKinnon and Clare Longlad.

" VERONA CLAIMS FIRST PLACE"

Charlie Convery shut-out the Jets on six hits as Battersea took advantage of six Jet's errors to score four unearned runs.

Bob Rawson, Pete Robertson and Garfield Ball had two singles each for Battersea. Moe McKinnon and losing pitcher Floyd Duquesne had a double each for the Jet's.

LINESCORES

BATTERSEA.....	000	013	0	4	7	2
JOYCEVILLE JETS.....	000	000	0	0	6	6

Charlie Convery and Gerald Darling; Duke DuQuesne and Barney Oldfield.

MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS AT THIS TIME.

	WIN	LOSS	POINTS.
Comets	8	4	16
Colts	6	6	12
Cards	4	8	8

June 28th., 1968.

E. R. A.

TOP TEN.

Names.	Teams.	B.A.		
Alberts	- Colts	400	DuQuesne	1.27
Larkin	- Cards	388	Schram	3.69
Longlad	- Cards	351		
Oldfield	- Comets	324	McKinnon	2.39
Evans	- Colts	324		
Schram	- Comets	291	Shears	3.42
McKay	- Cards	276		
Clements	- Colts	275	Martinik	2.75
McKinnon	- Colts	256		
Walsh	- Comets	242	Longlad	9.00

MINOR LEAGUE STANDINGS

	GP	WON	LOST
Dodgers	11	10	1
Pirates	12	5	7
Cubs	12	2	10

TEN TOP BATTERS

	AB	H	AVERAGE
Mitchell	29	16	552
Rose	26	12	462
Jackson	33	15	455
Yankulas	36	15	417
Black	40	16	400
Ignace	29	11	379
McMullen	22	8	364
Desjardine	44	15	341
Humes	24	8	333
Valley	39	12	308

Attention: We were unable to obtain the Minor League pitchers earned run average. There will be a more complete run down on all sports in the next issue, also a more complete and finalized coverage as governed the entire baseball season.

NOTICE: Anyone with suggestions regarding field-day, it would be appreciated if they would contact one of the inmate Committee Members as all ideas in this area are greatly appreciated. The Jet Congress will be held Sunday, July 20th., 1968. There will be two seven inning games played in the afternoon followed by a nine inning game in the evening for the Congress Trophy. A team from Kingston will probably play the Jet's in the first game. Two other teams from Brockville, Belleville, Peterboro or Oshawa; from these four the eventual two teams which will play will be selected.

THE KING AND HIS COURT

Led by their fabulous pitcher, Eddie Feigner, since 1946, the team has played close to four thousand games. In that time this four man team has lost very few. Feigner has pitched a total of 3700 games and lost only three-hundred-sixteen. His strike out total to date is ,62. 917. He has a total of 529 no-hit games and 981 shutouts. He has struck out 8,831 batters blindfolded. If this isn't one hell of a pitcher, then Peter isn't the ticket taker at the gate.



A. A. ANNIVERSARY

LIBERTY GROUP CELEBRATES ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

On Saturday, June 8th., the Liberty Group of Alcoholics Anonymous celebrated the 11th. Anniversary of the Group's founding.

The Speakers' table mounted on the auditorium stage, was smartly decorated for this happy occasion and participating in the programme were 31 Liberty-Group members and 69 guests from all points all over Ontario.

The meeting got under way at 1:15, when the Liberty-Group Chairman, Norm B., started proceedings with a moment of meditation followed by the Serenity Prayer. Norm then called on a long-time friend and staunch supporter of A. A., Warden John Norfield, who welcomed the guests and described the vital role of A.A. in prisons. The remarkable results achieved by those who become involved in programme and continue their association with A.A. following release were, as Warden Norfield observed, indicative of the value of A.A. in helping the ex-inmate to reconstruct his life on a day-to-day basis.

Warden Norfield conveyed greetings from former Liberty-Group members, Curley C., Mike M., Andre T. and Ron C. These men now active in A. A. outside and making new lives for themselves, had written to say that they wished to be remembered to the Group and to express their appreciation with the fellowship of A.A. during their stay here.

Ambrose M., Area Delegate and former Liberty-Group G.S.R., spoke briefly, expressing his gratitude for the co-operation received from all concerned and bringing best wishes from Western Area Delegate, Pete W.

Reading the Twelve Steps, was our Group Secretary, Mel M. Charlie P. of Ottawa, Eastern Institutional Committee Chairman, then spoke, thanking the many A.A. members who give of themselves so willingly throughout the year by carrying the message of A.A. behind institutional walls. Our own Charlie McP. then stepped forward and read one of the philosophical A.A. guide-lines for daily living --- YESTERDAY, TODAY, and TOMORROW.

Guest speaker was Hal. K., from the East York group of A.A. Hal. told an intriguing story of his battle with the bottle. Well known outside of A.A. as a radio and T.V. Sports commentator, Hal. left the audience with a wonderful message. Hal's story was an inspiring one, told with just the right touch of humour and judging by the comments, thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present. At the conclusion of Hal's talk, the chairman called on Jack J., who came forward and read the Twelve Traditions.

Bill D. of the Liberty Group, was our inmate speaker. Bill's story was one of trial and error. Bill's talk gave us all much food for thought and Bill may rest assured that the thoughts and prayers of all who heard him speak will go with him when the front gate swings open.

At this point in the programme, hand-engraved Serenity Prayers and wallets made by Liberty Group Members were presented. Receiving presentations were the Guest-Speaker Hal.K. and inmate speaker Bill D. of the Liberty Group. Also honoured were acting G.S.R.'s Boyd S. and Dunc.M.; and a former G.S.R. Andy B.. Mr. J.E.Miller, Liberty-Group Sponsor was also presented with a token of appreciation for his devoted service to the group throughout the year. Final presentation was made to the Chief Steward's assistant in appreciation of both his and the kitchen staffs dedicated efforts in their willingness to provide an out-standing assortment of "goodies" for the group and its guests on the Occasion of our Anniversary.

Group sponsor, Mr. J.E.Miller highlighted the Group's history from its humble beginnings with four members meeting in make-shift surroundings in 1957, up to the present. In his closing remarks, Mr.Miller expressed his thanks to the G.S.R.'s, past and present, and to the many members of A.A. who have contributed so much of their time and effort in helping to make the group the potent force for rehabilitation of the alcoholic that it is today.

Moving briskly in the competent hands of chairman Norm B., the programme was never permitted to lag, and at this point Larry B. came forward and on behalf of the Liberty Group thanked the Speakers and guests for their participation in the Anniversary meeting and for their loyalty and support throughout the year.

Led by Rev.Father Janisse of Windsor, Ont., the meeting was brought to a close in the usual manner of A.A. with members and guests standing and repeating the Lord's Prayer together.

Immediately following the meeting, everyone proceeded from the Auditorium to the Officer's Mess to enjoy a buffet lunch and an hour of A.A. socializing. Mrs. Norfield, gracious and charming wife of Warden Norfield, assisted by Hal.K., got things underway by officiating at the cutting of the Anniversary cake; a masterpiece of the baker's art, which looked too beautiful to eat. The hungry guests were not, however, deterred by this, promptly following the initial cut by Mrs. Norfield, they proceeded to make short work of the Steward's pride and joy, which --- together with the other goodies and gallons of hot coffee provided by the kitchen staff--were relished by an appreciative and delighted group of people.

Summed up, everyone agreed it was one of the best Anniversary meetings ever, with a special note of thanks going to the Anniversary Committee and every one concerned for a labour of love well done in helping to make our Eleventh Birthday such a happy and successful event.

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If you find yourself with a curiosity about A.A., realize that you might have a problem with drinking yourself under circumstances other than these; don't wait for that problem to again overtake you. Get rid of that curiosity by dropping by a meeting. What might now be a source of dissatisfaction, doubt, uncertainty; you may well find an answer to through A.A. Only a fool indulges his human frailties when they are destroying him and today's knowledge could be tomorrow's solution.

"SUGGESTED MOVIE LIST"
For Fall & Winter.

TO SIR WITH LOVE

AMBUSHERS

THE FAMILY WAY

P.J.



BONNIE AND CLYDE

THE SAND PEBBLES

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER

THE GRADUATE

WAIT UNTIL DARK

COOL HAND LUKE

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS



IN COLD BLOOD

BLUE



PLANET OF THE APES

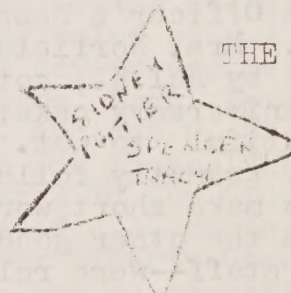
UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE

SUDDENLY A WOMAN

A DANDY IN ASPIC

THE ODD COUPLE

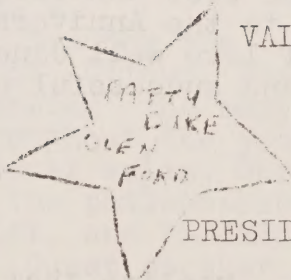
THE FOX



CHARLIE BUBBLES

VALLEY OF THE DOLLS

ROSE MARY'S BABY



THE PENTHOUSE

PRESIDENTS ANALYST

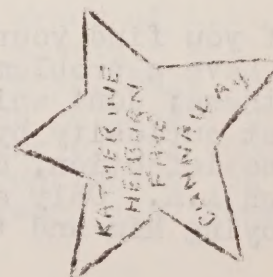
NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY

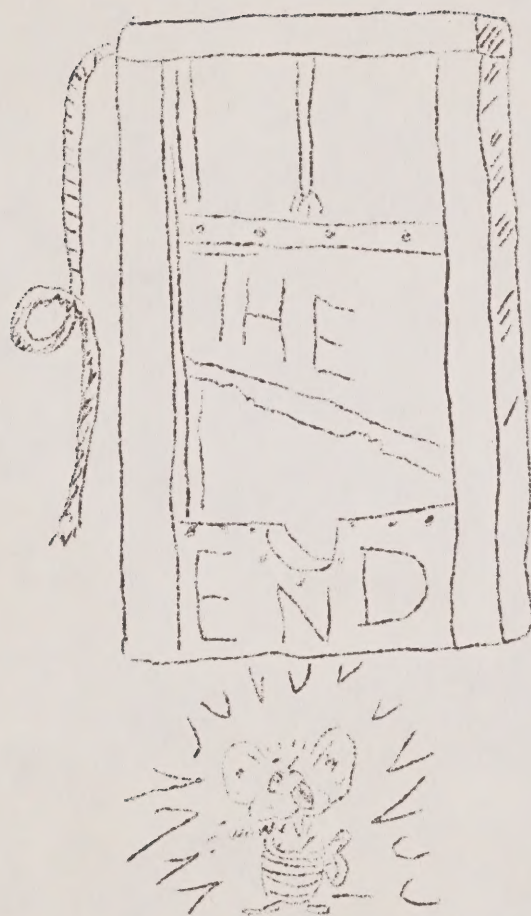
FIVE CARD STUD

HURRY SUNDOWN

WILL PENNY

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SORRY WE ARE LATE!

Centre of Criminology,
University of Toronto,
Toronto, Ontario.

